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Before the Dinner.

We went direct to Tobula, the capital and whispered. of Sequoia, and opened headquarters at the Ladevan House. Besides being a poitical centre, Tobula was also the great railroad town of the State, the main offices of the Transmontane Railroad under the supervision of our new Senator, Hector Cabaniss, being situated there. Thus Mr Savage rould be in constant to 1ch with all the forces upon whose aid he counted to secure a triumphant return to the United

There was nothing slow politically about Tobula. For forty years it had waxed in wisdom from the object lessons of successive Territorial and State Legislatures.

Tobulians absorbed political trickery with their mothers' milk. They played at caucuses before they were out of long clothes. They pulled wires for appointment to office in their childish games.

Long before they reached maturity politics had become their meat and drink, especially the latter. Thenceforth they breathed politics, and when they slept, which they never did except with one eye open, they dreamed politics.

The Sequoia Leaf, the party organ of the State, was published at Tobula, and somewhere in the dingiest and most remote of its dingy and remote offices lurked Bliss Adsit, editor and proprietor, millionaire and boss, as familiar with every filament and mesh of the web as the grayest of old gray spiders.

years it had been generally conceded that the comr lexion of any new Legislature depended upon the manipulations of Boss Adsit. He controlled the Assembly nominations from Tobula, holding the four district conventions in advance of others in the State. These nominations pointed the way; and as they were pronounced strong or weak in the Leaf, they informed the knowing throughout the State whether the Boss intended to carry or throw the comirg

Past favors bound Adsit to the two Senators from Sequoia. Senator Savage had heen his attorney in the deal whereby he acquired a majority of the stock of Leaf and shut off the family which for generations had passed the paper down as an heirloom in minority cold storage. It our civilization should be gathered together was a part of that common knowledge in honor of these learned men?" which explains but does not accuse that many of his millions had come from lobbying through the schemes that Senator Cabaniss devised for the advantage of the Transmontane.

Naturally, my Senator reckored Adsit as a lieutenant in the comirg fight sgainst former Senator Merrifield; not choosing to recall that a favor, while standing perforce on the present, looks eagerly toward the future, and turns its back resolutely on the rast. It was on the evening of our arrival that Senator Savage expressed such a con-

fidence to his collergue. Cabaniss shrugged his meagre shoulders and his black wisp of a mustache twitched in unison.

When Adsit is under your thumb, he is there," he said. "If you raise it to look for him he is gone. Things have changed in the last month. Haven't you heard of his marriage?

. "Marriage? You don't tell me!" cried my "I took him to be a confirmed old

"Confirmed and old, all right, but longer a bachelor. He married Mollie

"Impossible! Why I can remember when she sang in her brother's saloon and then sat out at the tables. No wonder he didn't and cards. "Ah, but he did send them broadcast;

there's the very rub. Mistress Mollie has social aspirations, consequently social resentments.'

"Adsit surely doesn't think that I would Oh, no; your state of single blessedness

lets you out all right, Savage. 'Tis a femi-nine war; that's the reason why it is so bitter." "But Gov. Schrigley, your man Friday, whom you own body, soul and breeches-h

has a daughter, Geraldine, if you please And Miss Geraldine is so high and mighty that she wouldn't condescend either to acknowledge the wedding invitation or to Invite the bride to her garden party last

"Big Tom Merton told me all about it The word has gone forth. It's anathema against all allies of the house of Schrigley and that takes in us both." Mr. Savage looked vexed.

"If there is really anything to the matter, Cabaniss," he said, "you take it too lightly. Merrifield is so strong in the city that he will be satisfied, and with good reason, if Adsit only keeps his hands off. "You don't want a popular contest,

real show of hands, do you? Well, that's what we must accept unless Adsit agree to fight it out for us on the old lines. Think of his machine - a Pretoriar Guard in every precinct, by Jove. And if, instead, we must go relimell into a scrim

mage-why it makes me sick!" The situation stands, whether I fribble o you get sick," interposed Cabaniss doggedly Mrs. Adsit is a versatile, audacious woman

who will allow nothing to interfere with her ambitions. "She has already been remarkably suc cessful. The vary fact that she is Adsit's wife shows how supreme her influence is

with him. What can we offer to offset it? He has more money than he knows what to "On the other hand, pretty Geraldine just as resolute and fearless. She has

been mistress of the Governor's mansion since her mother died, and takes pride in making its hospitality a guaranty of character and worth. She will never give quarter nor cry it. Why--"

Senator Savage looked up suspiciously. "You number yourself among Schrigley" allies, Cabaniss," he said; "but I never kne you were close to him."

"I am recognized as a pretender to the young lady's hand," explained Cabaniss, with a softening of his beady eyes.

II. My Senator lost no time in paying his respects to Adeit's bride, taking me with him as a sort of retinue, I suppose. Nothing could be smoother than his felicitations except the way they were received. No Lady Clara Vere de Vere ever accepted homage more naturally and arrogantly than did this hendsome, bright eyed daugh

ter of the people. seently Adsit himself came shambling in in his stodgy wey, his dull go ze lightening only when turned t.w. rd his wife. After. the way of politicians, even if the matter no more secret than the exchange of cigars

he and my Senator drew away into a corner

Then Mrs. Adeit recognized my present for the first.

"You might mention to your master Mr. Duffer," she remarked between languid waves of her fan, "that if he is looking for Tobula Assemblymen I will tell him how best to get them when we meet at the Governor's dinner table. Otherwise, I might have to give the information to Mr. Merrifield; they say he is a good deal of a gentleman. Bliss, dear, won't you come here for a moment?"

And the incipient conference in the cor er adjourced sine die.

There is a fable, I think, about one gnat driving a lion mad. It was plain to me when I told Mrs. Adsit's ultimatum to my Senator that the thought of this trumpery bit of social jealousy complicating and even endangering so important a matter as his political future was having like effect upon him. He swore vigorously, in marked contrast with his habit of letting the other

fellow do the swearing.
"Come," he said briefly, and up to the Capitol we hurried to demand instant and private audience with the Governor.

Gov. Schrigley was one of the men wh trive to counteract the blandness of their lips by a heavy beard; but only succeed in drawing the line of emphasis under their helplessness. He sighed when my Senator finished explaining the situation and enouncing its remedy.

"I sometimes fear I have been overindulgent with Geraldine," he said. "It is possible to give a child her own way until you have none of your own left.

"It is my way we are talking about now orrected Mr. Savage, pitilessly.

"Of course," the Governor went on, with one mental eye turned home and the other abroad, and ill pleased with either prospect, "of course, you are right in saying that the annual dinner to the Regents of the State University is about due. They have their convocation next month and we are just about to issue the cards. But it is the most exclusive function of the year, the one in which Geraldine takes the most pride and care. It is right, now, isn't it, Savage, that the very choicest fruit and flower of

"Whatever is is right in politics," retorted the Senator significantly, "while virtue is its own-only-reward."

"Oh, if you are going to put it that way,

suppose I must siomit --"It isn't submission to oblige a friend who will be auxious to oblige you in turn. Come, Gove nor, don't let us make a mountain out of a mole hill. Send an invitation as I suggest to the Adsits without saying anything about it to your daughter. I guarantee that before the eventful evening comes she herself will be regretting that this has not been done. Then you will have a pleasant surprise for her.

"And for myself," grumbled the Governor. f you come within a thousand leagues of the truth."

I was concerned to see my Senator se elated over this victory. He chuckled catentatiously, as if to keep his courage up, though formerly it was his wont to reserve his laughter for guarded use in his sleeve. Perhaps he was realizing how worthless is a

verbal guaranty. When we got back to the rooms, how ever, he wrote a pretty little note to Mrs. Adsit, in which he ventured to express the hope that the high privilege he had secured of being her escort at the Regents' dinner might prove a pleasure to her. Then he

told him all he had done. This conversation was not a part of my iberal education, though from specimens hat penetrated the partition on the sharp notes of anger I judged it was a stornly one. So far as I could make out, Mr. Savage kept insisting that Cabaniss should press his suit at once to a successful issue, and thus be able to sway Miss Geraldine's prejudices, while the latter bitterly resented so

cordid a use of his sentiments. In the end they agreed upon the following compromise—that Mr. Cabaniss should offer imself when the auspices seemed favorable, and that in the event of his success Mr. Savage should at the last moment a his next friend, explain to the girl how essential it was that she receive Mrs. Adsit cordially. As a preliminary, the two called at the Governor's house, and my Senator became acquainted with Geraldine Schrig

III. There must have been something implacable about Miss Schrigley's bearing, for my Senator did not bring back the assurance he took with him. From his abstracted manner, his long meditations, it was plain that he was already conjuring the alternative, what should be done in case the plan outlined failed. I looked with apprehension upon this development, for he never sought trouble, putting his best foot forward, and reserving the darker, deeper ap-

Meanwhile there was plenty in the politi cal situation to keep his wits engaged Mr. Merrifield had already begun his cam paign of education throughout the State, revealing and denouncing the records of he two Senators, explaining his own scheme of taxation reform, and above all calling upon the people to shake off machine thraldom and exercise their rightful power Reports showed an awakening to and an interest in the new order which it would need all the cunning and force of the old to

vercome. It was a fight between volunteers and regulars. To our headquarters thronged the mercenaries, looking for spoils and blind to principles. It was part of my duty to receive these aspirants for dubious honors, sending away the many with vague promises and reserving the few for defi-

nite performances. One morning there came into my room rough and burly fellow, who stood by my desk, his hands in his pockets, his cutty pipe in his mouth, looking downon me with sort of compassionate strength.

"Just tell Savage," he said, "that Jak Bliven would have a word with him. "The Senator is extremely busy," I ex plained, "with matters of high-"He won't be too busy to take a straight

tip from me," he rumbled. "He knows that there ain't a man in the old Fourt', if I does say it, wit' my pull." "But the Senator cannot interfere in local

affairs," I persisted. "The thing for you to do, my friend, is to see Adsit." The rumble became a growl. "When I see Adsit," he said, giving e phasis with a stubby finger, "these will be doings. Damn him. To think to t'row

me down for the likes of Tom Merton, just because he went daft on his mister. ain't straight, I tell you."

The door of the private office opened My Senator stepped out with extended

"What," he exclaimed. "I thought couldn't mistake those sonorous tones. Gruff and tough, but sound to the core! Come in, Jake, my boy. Time must hang up his pedometer while we talk over the good old days."

There was no rumble or grow! from within; only whispers, too faint, too cautious to enlighten. Presently Bliven swaggered out.

"Ta ta, office boy," he roared with a sort of ferocious gayety. "When you gits your growth you'll know more, p'raps."

I was cogitating the application of this saying when Senator Cabanies hurried through, plainly perturbed, a newspaper n his hand. Again there were whispers, not so faint and cautious that I could not

detect the excitement permeating them. Perhaps my detection might have gone even further had not the telephone bell rung fast and furiously. A feminine voice, impatient, insistent, demanded to know

Senator Cabaniss was in the office.
"Then tell him," it continued before nad half replied, "that Miss Geraldine Schrigley must see him at once—this very minute.

The transmitter rattled with emphasi as I delivered the message. "There," exclaimed Cabaniss, despairngly; "that's what comes of your cursed

nterference. "I tell you, Cabaniss, it will be all right, persisted my Senator, following him out. Do what I say, belittle the report as too absurd for contradiction. We all make mistakes. When I do make one I make

recompense at any cost." The newspaper lay on the floor of the deserted room. I picked it up: it opened naturally at the fashion page. There read a detailed description of the gorgeous costume Mrs. Bliss Adsit would wear at the Regents' dinner.

It was my custom every afternoon to go to the Leaf office and deliver to Mr Adsit any important intelligence we had received, at the same time obtaining from him the confidential reports that had come in during the day

It was characteristic both of the man and his leadership that the unlikeliest way to find him was to inquire for him at his business address. Not one of the clerks ever possessed any information as to the whereabouts of their chief, except that

Senator Savage had taught me the underground route by which the lair of the boss was reached, and accordingly that afternoon I proceeded through the alleys, cellars and rear buildings which constituted his labyrinth, until I reached the narrow side door to the private office, which no one from the front dared enter unless summoned by an elaborate system of electric

I rapped once and again, waiting in the close and gloomy court, upon which not a window of the high surrounding walls opened. I rapped and I waited, until, waxing impatient, I turned the knob. The door gave way. I entered.

It was dark in the private office, dark and still. I groped forward, bewildered to find myself alone, yet thinking to leave my papers. I stumbled against something that vielded to the touch. I fell, to lie for an instant in a dampness too sticky to be

For an instant, only. Sudden horror wept me to my feet, to the wall, to dash my hands frantically over the keyboard of the electric calls.

The lights gleamed in the ceiling winkled from the desks. There on the

floor in a mire of blood lay the unconscious form of Bliss Adsit. Both Senators expressed sympathetic interest when I bore back the news to headquarters.

"Dear, dear," sighed Mr. Savage. "Struck from behind with a blackjack, you say, Buffum? Did the miscreant leave no trace, no clue?"

"Nothing was found, sir," I replied, "exept a copy of Mr. Merrifield's address to the people, lying on the floor near by. "What do you think of that, Cabaniss? cried Mr. Savage. "Could we have a stronger instance of the horrible effect of such incendiary speeches? I believe the people will hold Metrifield at least morally

guilty. "The Leaf accuses him of complicity

he assault in its extra," I explained. "It is well in any calamitous dispensa-tion of Providence," continued my Senator unctuously, "to look for the underlying good. Our poor Adsit had many admirabl qualities, but it became evident to me that e was no longer the man he once was. I need only refer to his unforturate marriage and the all compromising influence of his

wife to illustrate what I mean. "Besides, it lately came to my knowledge hat he has been secretly intriguing with Merrifield, putting himself in that position petwixt and between which would enable him if he chose to go over entirely to him. It is unnecessary as it would be ungallant for me to speak more definitely of his mo-

tive in so doing. "Hence, we cannot regard the removal of worn out and disloyal leader as an unnixed evil. The crisis demands a man of strength and fidelity, such a one as that fine fellow who was in here to-day-what was nie name, Buffum?"

"Do you mean Bliven?" I suggested. "Assuredly, Jake Bliven, a power in the Fourth ward, where they have tried in vain to down him; rough and gruff, but sound to he core.

Senator Cabaniss, who had been listening suddenly interrupted, his face alight with entimental hopefulness.

"It puts a better aspect on my persona natter, Savage," he cried. "Indeed it does: no need now of excuse or evasion. Mrs. Adsit in her grief and bereavement will keep secluded.

A lad dashed into the room with the lates f the Leaf's extras, wet from the press. "Postscriptum," I read from the remotes corner. "Dr. Pow's unparalleled feat in rephining. The distinguished patient now

conscious and likely to recover!" "Hell!" cried the Senators in dismal unison 'She may attend the Regents' dinner after

Corticite.

From Harper's Weekly.

An invention which should prove of great value to the electrical and technical renerally has recently been perfected by a Portuguese cork firm.

It is a general non-conductor, and has for

ts principal component granulated cork, and s called "corticite." Its application would appear to be practically unlimited, as it forms perfect insulator, will resist the utmost xtremes of climate, and the attack of insects It is not inflammable, and might be used for partitions in buildings and to replace roodwort in battleships, as it can be sawed and bored like wood. It is said that if boiler tubes and boilers are covered with sheets of

THE ONLY TRUE VERSION OF IT.

The Travelling Groceryman Hears of Injin Will, Rum and Treasure.

"The last train for the day out of the user town into which in a wild moment had wandered during a trip through south ersey came and went and I missed it." said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman, I started to bemoan my fate, for the place tself was depressing and the one tavern t contained was far from inspiring thoughts f Christmas charity and words fitting to them. But the tall old native in the shiny plack frock coat and the plug hat long overdue, and smoking a very black and far reaching clay pipe on the tavern stoop and got only a little way into his story

when I knew I was going to be pleased that

had missed that train. "Right around these here parts is where Injin Will used to do things,' was the way the tall old native in the shiny coat, antiquated hat and pervasive clay pipe began, but he was the ungratefullest bein'. either human or Injin, that ever soaked rum, 'cause what he ought to done was to hand them treasures over to Whisperin' Henry Worth, for if it hadn't been fer Whisperin' Henry tellin' Injin Will where to find the pine knot he could kill his wife's Uncle Jake with, Injin Will would 'a' been whoopin' on the happy huntin' grounds years an' years afore he was. I don't care a clam shell what the res' of 'em around here mowt tell you about it, neither!'

"The native of seedy garb and pipe of wide scope shook his head and waved his pipe toward me as much as to say that if I had heard any other version of the doings of Injin Will I had best put it out of my mind, and I began to feel more than ever that by its faithfulness to schedule time that train had done me a favor.

" 'Injin Will,' the tall and positive native resumed, 'was an Injin that I don't have no personal recollection of, but there ain't no one else in the Jersey pines or along the coast that knows about him the way I do. He lived in a cabin over along Barnegat Bay, render, an' it was Whisperin' Henry Worth that told Injin Will where to find the pine knot that he could kill his wife's Uncle Jake

" 'Whisperin' Henry Worth was grandfather's own uncle, so you see I git the story o' this Injin as straight as a string. fer Whisperin' Henry told it to grandfather, an' grandfather passed it to father, an' father an' mother talked it to me more times than there's fleas on a coon dog, an' I never forgot a word of it. Some will tell you one thing an' some will tell you another about the habits an' customs of Injin Will, but don't you believe none of 'em! Don't

"The biographer of Injin Will seemed so eager that I should not get hold of he wrong chronicle that I assured him that not a word would I listen to on the subject except what he might tell; and that lonely and cheerless place in the Jersey pines seemed like a garden spot.

" 'Now, some will tell you that Injin Will killed his wife fer one thing, an' some will ell you he killed her fer another thing. the tall and seedy old native assured me. There ain't no doubt but what he killed his wife, 'cause Whisperin' Henry Worth old grandfather that he did, an' grandfather told father an' mother, an' they told me. Some will tell you that Injin Will had a little garden patch back of his cabin, an' that he had some beans growin' in it an' they was jest ready to pick.

'About that time, so some will tell you, Injin Will's wife was gittin' over havin' the measles an' suddenly was took with howlin' appetite. Injin Will was out on the bay fishin'. His wife knowed, so they'll tell you if you listen to 'em, that he had be'n lookin' at them beans o' his'n an' smackin' his lips over the way he'd be eatin' 'em afore long, but this appointe o' She couldn't keep it down, an' so she went out an' picked them beans an' cooked 'em

" 'That's what some will tell you, but Whisperin' Henry Worth never said nothin' about it to grandfather, an' so father an' mother never heerd nothin' o' the kind. Consekently, I didn't neither, so of course

it ain't so " 'Injin Will's wife, so they'll tell you, eat his beans, an' when he kim home from fishin' he smelt 'em where they'd be'n cookin.

"Who eat Injin Will's beans?" says he. " "Me eat Injin Will's beans," says his wife. " '"Come on!" says he. "Injun drownd

you!" " 'His wife went along, an' he took her over to the deep hole an' soused her in an' drownded her. Then he buried her under

" 'Then ag'in, some will tell you that it wasn't because his wife eat his beans that Injin Will drownded her, but it was because one day he brung in a muskrat an' told his wife to cook it. She cooked it, but

wouldn't eat none of it. "All right," says Injin Will. "Squaw too good to eat muskrat, too good fer

Injin " 'So he took her over to the deep hole an' soused her in an' drownded her.

'But them ain't so, neither of Whisperin' Henry Worth told grandfather, an' grandfather told father an' mother, an' father an' mother told it to me lots o' times. that the reason Injin Will killed his wife was 'cause she was sick an' old, an' all the time talkin' about her ailin's.

"'All right!" says Injin Will. "Put squaw out o' nisery." " 'An' he took her over to the deep hole an' soused her in an' drownded her.

" 'Now, then, seven Injins that knowed Injin Will's wife noticed that she hadn't pe'n visitin' 'mongst their folks fer a good while, an' so they kim down to Injin Will's to see about it. Some will tell you there was only three o' these Injins, an' that they was Injin Will's wife's brothers. But that ain't the way Whisperin' Henry Worth passed it down. There was seven Injins, n' they wasn't no relation to Injin Will's They kim down to Injin Will's.

"Where's squaw?" says they. " "Drownded, " says Injin Will.

" ' "Who drownded squaw?" says they. " ' "Me." says he. " "Ugh!" says they. "Injins kill Injin Will."

" '"All right," says he. "Have drink rum first." " 'Them seven Injins was true Injins, ar they said they didn't care if they did. Injin Will brung out his jug an' passed it

'round. It cut him porty deep to see so

much good rum googlin' out o' the jug. 'specially as he had to go awful light on it himself, so as his plan would work. " '"Last time have rum with Injin Will," says he. "Take another." Them seven Injins took another an another, an' by an' by they couldn't get up. So Injin Will had his jolly laugh at 'em, an' then he took his tomahawk an' tapped the

seven Injins on the head. Then he sot

down an' finished the jug.

" 'A while after that Injin Will's wife's Uncle Jake thought he'd find out why he hadn't seen Injin Will's wife fer so long, an' he kim down. Some will tell you he wasn't an uncle, but was another brother of Injin Will's wife, but don't believe 'em 'cause it ain't accordin' to Whisperin Henry Worth.

" ' "Where's squaw?" says Uncle Jake

when he kim down.

" "Drownded," says Injin Will.

" "How?" says Uncle Jake.

" ' "Me," says Injin Will. " ' Come on," says Uncle Jake. "Fight

" 'In iin Will's wife's Uncle Jake was the best fighter in the tribe, an' Injin Will made up his mind that he was jest as good as treadin' the happy huntin' grounds, but he went along. As they was goin' along they met Whisperin' Henry Worth, an' he knowed at once what was up.

'So he whispered to Injin Will-that's what they called him Whisperin' Henry fer. No matter how loud any one else was talkin' he never got above a whisper. He whispered to Injin Will: "Pine knot. Up yonder. Big one

Tap Uncle Jake." 'Injin Will winked, an' when they got

to where the pine knot was he seen it. " 'Good place," he says to Uncle Jake

"Fight here." 'So they pitched in, an' they fowt an' they fowt. It was a good thing fer Injin Will that Whisperin' Henry Worth told him where to find the pine knot that he could kill his Uncle Jake with, fer Uncle Jake got him down at last an' was jest goin' to stick his knife in him when Injin Will reached out an' got the pine knot an' "'Then he got up an' tapped him with the pine knot till Uncle Jake had gone an'

j'ined Injin Will's wife an' the seven other Injine. over on the bay, an' he used to hang around

a good deal an' soaked all the rum he could git. An'he run a bill for rum, an' one day the landlord told him he couldn't have no more till he settled. " 'Injin Will went away. By an' by he kim back with his hands full o' silver dollars.

He planked 'em down. "Injin have rum now?" says he " 'Soon as the landlord got his breath he swept the pile o' dollars in his till, an' takin' bottle o' rum he asked Injin Will to come inside, he wanted to talk with him. Injin Will went inside, an' half an hour later him

an' the landlord went away together. 'Injin Will took the landlord down the beach an' went to kickin' in the sand. Every kick he give up would roll silver an' gold do lars out o' the sand. Then he took the landord to a place where he dug in the sand an' unkivered a trunk. It was full o' gold an' silver. Pirates' hidden treasure.

" 'Well, sir, that landlord quit keepin tavern after that, an' his family got to be the richest on the Coast. His descendants live there yit, an' nobody has got more money than they have. An' Injin Will had all the rum he wanted, without money an' without price, until his dyin' day, an lived to be more than a hundred, an' died " 'But see how ungrateful he was. What

he ought to done was to hand them treasures over to Whisperin' Henry Worth, for ef hadn't ben fer him tellin' Injin Will where o find the pine knot he could kill his wife's Uncle Jake with he'd be'n whoopin' on the happy huntin' grounds years an' years afore he was, an' I don't care a clam shell what the rest of 'em around here mowt tell you about it, neither! An' see the rum he'd 'a' missed!'

"The seedily garbed and tall old native knocked the ashes out of his aggressive pipe and craned his neck to glance into the tavern barroom, and in the eloquence of the glance I imagined I could read that ne had an idea that he might have been missing somewhat of rum himself while setting me straight on the record of Injin Will, and the promptness with which approved of my suggestion that I make good any possible deficiency in that regard was sufficient assurance that I had read the ance aright.

"And I congratulated myself again that the train I missed was run so promptly on time, for I would have missed trains all day rather than have missed Injin Will and Whisperin' Henry Worth."

FRISKY ON 10 CENTS A DAY. Another Cheap Liver Heard From-He

Made 52 Centuries Last Year. I was much interested in the account of wo young men whose weekly expenditure for food was \$1.27; but I have beaten that, writes a correspondent of Health Culture. My food costs me about 10 or 12 cents day, or 70 cents a week.

I buy cereals by the case, dates by the seventy pound box. I keep a cow, and raise oranges and some other fruit. had to buy the milk and fruit it might sum

up to 15 cents a day. Cereals, 4 cents; milk, 5 cents; dates, 3 cents-12 cents a day. This is about the average, so at most my food costs me about a dollar a week; but as a rule it does not average that.

Am 50 years old; have eaten no mea Am 50 years old; have eaten to meat for twenty years; for two and one-half years have followed no-breakfast plan, and wouldn't go back to three meals a day. Last year, as a member of the Century Road Club of America, I wheeled 11,761 miles and made fifty-two centuries (100 miles and made inty-two centuries (100) miles within fourteen consecutive hours), winning gold medals for highest honors in both events, and was never so uniformly, vigorously well in my life. You know that represents lifting many more foot pounds than the work of the average muscle worker. I weighed 144 pounds on January 1, 1804, and 150 pounds on December 31, 1904.



OO strong—too weak—few bar L cocktails ever are exactly right? CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed unerringly, by measure, from the finest liquors procurable.

They cannot vary—each one is perfect because every mixture is aged and tested after it's measured. Insist on CLUB.

> delicious—of all good gro-cers and dealers. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. Sole Props.

Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties; each one

ALLAGHER'S RUN OF HARD LUCK.

Beginning in Brownsville, It Lasts Until He Gets to Arkansas City.

"Them that's goin' to be did 'll be did," said old man Greenhut. "Taint no use kickin' g'in the face o' Providence. Any fool c'n find that out f'r his ownself if he'll on'y pay attention to what's goin' on all round him, but there's a good many o' them same fools as 'll lay right down alongside of a mule's hind legs a-waitin' f'r the lightnin' to strike 'em, just 'cause they reckon they're sure to be did, an' 'tain't no use f'r 'em to try to get away.

"That's on'y 'cause they is fools. right pourt man under these circumstances 'd be up an' doin' at t' other end o' the stall, swattin' the mule over the nose with "There's this man Gallagher't come

town a couple o' weeks ago with a hard luck story 't 'd fetch tears f'm a catfish. But Gallagher's got grit. He's the kind 't don't know enough to give up when they're tied hand an' foot, lying on their backs on the bare ground, with t' other feller poundin' of 'em with a broadaxe. F they can't do nothin' else they'll set about diggin' a hole in the ground with their elbows, so's t' they c'n crawl in an' look round f'r a chanst o' gettin' out.

"He was tellin' me somepin' o' what'd happened to him since he left home, which he lives in Brownsville when he's workin' an' he has a steady job when he's there. 'Pears like he's a sort of a foreman f'r a man as calls hisself Long Mike, that's a o'tic'lar kind o' holy terror by spells, bein decent man when he's sober.

There's some in Arkansas City 't mought be mentioned alongside of him," said Jake Winterbottom This was distinctly an interruption and as

such it was distasteful to old man Greenhut. When he looked around, however, he saw that everybody in the room was grinning, excepting Jake Winterbottom, who looked unnaturally solemn, and Joe Bassett, who was getting red in the face. So he allowed himself to smile faintly, as he said: "I don't call to mind no reference to the Sheriff in this here story o' Gallagher's, 'n' 'tain't likely 't him an' Long Mike is the on'v citizns o' the Mississippi Valley 't enjoys the same failin's."

Then the old man made his way to his favorite chair by the window and resumed his story "First I seen o' Gallagher," he said, "was

when he blewed in here early one mornin' fore I was reely ready f'r business an' tells me he's got no money, but he has a thirst with him 't would be worth a thousand dellars to a millionaire. Just naturally I told him 't I wa'n't no ways interested in no such matters, bein' as they was purely personal with him, an' I stepped over toward the bung starter, bein' as he was some wild lookin.

"But he speaks up quick an' reasonable Says he hain't eat nothin' nor had a drink f'r a day an' a half an' all he wants is a chanst o' earnin' a little red liquor. Says he'll work for it first, bein' as he's been thout it so long he c'n stand it some longer but if he don't have it he'll die. "Well, my nigger was sick, an' there was

consid'able cleanin' up to do, so I told him

didn't favor people dyin' right 'round the place, an' if he'd straighten things up I'd give him a reasonable amount o' liquor an' then if his work was satisfactory I'd put him in the way o' earnin' a square meal "He pitched in 'thouten a word fivin' things up so well in a couple o' hours 't I seen my way clear to give him a full sized

breakfast by noon, an' 'peared to be consid'able peeked up. "I watched him some close, bein' as there wa'n't nothin' p'tic'lar to do, an' I seen there was the makin's of a man into him, so I as't him this

know his story. "Seems him an' his boss had words, an' his boss, bein' some hasty, as I said afore, started in f'r to kill him offhand. He didn't kill nobody often 'thouten he was in liquor. but Gallagher, knowin' there wa'n't no three men in Iowa c'd stand ag'in Long Mike, seen it was up to him to skedaddle. Mike kep' lookin' for him night an' day, but him bein' in liquor, Gallagher kep away fr'm him a spell, thinkin' it'd blow over, but it didn't, an' Gallagher lit out after Long Mike had busted into his smashed everything there was faside.

"Gettin' on a boat he worked his way to Memphis an' got a job there that give him about \$14 clear at the end of the month. Bein' ambitious, he seen that wa'n't no way to get rich, an' he set into a poker game 'th some o' the men he was workin' with. "Right then and there; Gallagher said. was where he struck hard luck. I told him

t looked to me like he'd had some afore

that, bein' as he'd been drove away f'm

home, but he 'lowed 's long's 'twas Brownsville he didn't reckon that counted. "It was that poker game broke his nerve, he said, an' f'm the way he told it there sure was some s'prisin' hands held. There was a big. ugly chap f'm back in the mountains somewheres 't Gallagher run up against 'most every time he got anything. It was stud poker they playin', an' this big feller's buried card peared to beat Gallagher's whenever it

come to a showdown. "O' course 'twan't no hell roarin' game, but Gallagher said there might h'a' been a hundred dollars on the table, him bein' low man in chips, with only \$14 in the world, and the other three havin' f'm \$20 to \$40 apiece. The way he reckoned was 't the \$14 wa'n't no consequence, but if he c'd manage to nip up that \$100 it 'd look like important money.

"First off, 'peared like he mought do it. He catched a buried ace ag'in three kings when his other cards ran f'm the deuce to the five, an' 'tother feller didn't believe the ace. That helped scm, an' then he filled a flush when he'd hung on, scm brash, ag'in heavy bettin' on three little ones, so he scooped a good pot that time, 'thouten bein' called. Then it turned, him and the big man both

catched a ace ('r a buried card. Next round Gallagher got a queen an' the big man got a jack. Gallagher was high an' he bet a red chip, bein' a quarter. The big man an' one o' the others stayed, an' the next round the big man got a ace an' Gallagher another queen; the third man didn't get nothin' an' he dropped when Gallagher bet a dollar. The big man raised it two dollars, an' Gallagher seen the raise, knowin' o' course 't the big man was either bluffin' outrageous, or had him best.

Then Gallagher caught an ace, an' the big man a jack, an' Gallagher felt like he scen a great white light. O' course, t'other feller might 'a' had three jacks, but 'twa'n't likely, bein' as he hadn't showed no strength on the first round an' 'twa'n't likely he'd 'a' raised like he did on the second if he hagn't had more'n jacks. Anyway, Gallagher sized him f'r aces up, an' his own uces up was better, so he bet him \$5.

"The big man studied some, an' G lagher seen him look at two ways to one bein' as he couldn't look two ways to one that the dealer did. Wh him look at the dealer, but he was tellin' about it, he said he recker 'twa'n't no inconsid'able part o' the hard luc watched 'em both if he had been

't he wa'n't cross-eyed, bein' as he c'd "Anyway, the big man seen the 85 they took their last cards. Gollagher was a four spot an' the big man's was jack. O' course, that finished the douesion, bringin' Gallagher down to some

"That were the beginnin', an' the deal were the end. Tother man deal this time, an' Gallagher were just so enough to watch him close, more special when he seen he were gettin' another go hand. He said somepin', too, afore th deal, about a rough house happ'nin' when ever he seen anythin' out o' the way in card game. It were a bad break, o' cours but him bein' Irish, he made it. Shoe how a man helps his own bad luck some times. Havin' a energetic Irish habit speech, he said it forcible, an' o' made things worse.

"He caught a pair o' tens back to back an' the big man bad a queen showin'. The made it his bet, neither o' the others havis nothin'. He bet a quarter, an' the other two dropped, so Gallagher reckoned he wouldn't be in no hurry, an' he seen the quarter. "Next round he catched another ten, as

the big man got a ace. O' course ther wa'n't no question then o' whose has win, an' Gallagher bet two dollars. When the big man made it five he seen that white light for fair, but not havin' no real talent for poker, he waited for the next card alore goin' back at him with his pile. Said he thought 'tother feller might not see him if he raised back, an' he wanted to doubt his money. Goes to show, again, how man'll make his own hard luck.

"Then Gallagher got a king an' 'tot feller a seven spot, so just naturally Gal agher put up the rest of his money. oig man covered it an' dealt the last round This time Gallagher got a four an' toth

man a ace. Hit were easy to see, then, the big man had raised afore on a pair aces, an' Gallagher's three tens wa'n nowhere, but it were too late, an' all's a c'd do was to make a rough house, li he'd intimated. O' course, there wa'r no money in that, nor there wa'n'tano sati faction into it, neither. This here big may were ugly, like I was sayin', an' the other was his pals, so Gallagher were did up throwed out by the wayside. "A'ter he'd been picked up by the poli an' been in the calaboose f'r a week, he g on another boat, thinkin' it were goin'u the river, an' reck'nin' on workin' his w

though, an' fust he knowed he were comi on down. Bein' some ugly, 'count of h own mistake, him an' the mate didn't g on well, an' the mate bein' a big man, Ga lagher didn't come out first best. 'Pea like it's part of his luck to run up ag "Anyway, when he fell overboard at il levee here, the mate wouldn't let the oth workers knock off long enough to see wh

toward home. He got on the wrong bo

they c'd do towards fishin' him out, a if he hadn't been some of a fish hims he'd never have kep' afloat long enoug to swim ashore, two miles below here. "Since then I hadn't heard much abo him, on'y 't he's got a job on the levee a if he don't drink up all's he gete he's liab to have a stake 'fore long. Judgin' fr his exper'ence in Memphis, 'pears like he

be lookin' f'r a game soon. O' coun 'tain't no big thing, but white chips he when there ain't no blues on the table." "Looks to me like it ain't likely 't goin' to set into no game around her right away," said Sam Pearsall, "that if he's the same stranger 't went to w 'r Hawkins last week. 'Pears like y drink. Then I give him some outside work said somepin' about him havin' hard lu f'r the rest o' the mornin' so 's 't he got his

runnin' up ag'in big men. Sheriff e'd tell shout him "Well. I don't know." said Joe Bas "Mebbe 'twas the same man. I didn hear his name, but there was a undersing somepin' on the levee, an' when I step up, him not recognizin' the majest the law, sure did run up ag'in me, My intentions was to put in the calaboose, but they found ro for him to the hospital. I reckon he

be there f'r a week or two yet. "I reckon you're wrong," said Jake Wi terbottom. "You was all speakin' o' bein' Irish, but you don't 'pear to kno how hard 'tis to knock a Irishman o He was workin' on the levee next day."

There were some exclamations of do

and surprise at this statement, but on the instant the door opened and Gallagh walked in. He went up to the bar with the assu tread of one who was familiar with t etiquette of the situation, and, facing aroun invited the house to drink with him. Wh the house had done so Gallagher put

ten dollar bill on the bar, after paying

"Oi'll not desave yez. Thot's ahl

have, an' Ci'm sick o' worrukin' my '

on th' boats. They do be tellin' me yez pl

the drinks, and said:

poker here, an' if yez does, Oi'll sit in for win enough to go home in stoyle or Some in the party were inclined to s at the size of the proffered stake, but old m Greenhut spoke up promptly: "There at nobody can't say as Arkansas City'll any man a chanst o' playin' f'r eno money to git out o' town; that is, 'f he

the money to play with. Our Southern he pitality fo'ces us to it, an' it's cheaper 'n to subscribe the money f'r his fare. boys'll give y' a show f'r your ten spot.'
They would and they did, but when, the very first deal, Gallagher went troke an ace full against Joe Bassett's four tre there seemed for a moment to be a prospe of another rough house, for whatever G lagher's virtues may have been, patien

The Sheriff, however, spoke empha cally: "Arkansas City," he said, "is no pl f'r strangers to stay. You'll go fr'm here the river. If you don't keer about swimm you o'n wait f'r the next boat." Gallagher elected to wait, and they not

was not one of them.

it as a part of his run of luck that the boat took, under the Sheriff's escort, late th night, was the same one on which he come from Memphis. "'Pears like that man Gallagher's mora sart'in o' runnin' ag'in big men all the tin

said old man Greenhut. "They've got t same mate 't they had." New Remedy for Erystocias. From Health Culture.
The family of Christian Larsen of

It imprisoned eight persons-the relatives and two hired boys-for to and ten nights. The larder remain

The captives had merely been cut of when released they reported the duction of temperature had cured a erysipelas and three tod colds. sipelas patient had been given up but completely recovered before the the sixth day.

gaerd, Norway, were buried by an avale to break through the upper floor.